

New Calendale Chronicle

The Spirit Moon, 1115

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR



Visions of Harigmoore

My readers, I warn you that this article is not for the faint of heart. What I will be describing here will be graphic at times. Having this knowledge might prevent a recurrence elsewhere in the future. By truly understanding what was wrought, it is my hope that this magnitude of suffering be few and far between. Again, you have been warned.

The situation in Harigmoore is grave, graver than you can even imagine. Whatever reports or rumors you have heard thus far are woefully inadequate. You may think that it cannot possibly be as bad as they say, but I assure you, it is far, far worse. I have kept aware of whatever news has been available, but nothing had prepared me for the journey that my Goddess took me upon one night.

I had prayed to Arrawiel for her aid in learning if a friend's family, who dwelt in Harigmoore, had gotten out of the

city before the destruction came. The mists of the Dream Realm parted and I found myself floating weightlessly. The first thing that hit me was the strong smell of smoke that permeated the air. The bitterness burned my lungs and made my eyes water. I felt myself sinking down as I rubbed my eyes and when I opened them, I had my first glimpse of Harigmoore from above the city. Or what was left of it.

Charred husks were all that remained of most of the buildings that once stood. Fires no longer burned but I could see numerous places where red and orange embers still glowed. Even from above I could feel the residual heat coming from beneath me. Ashes swirled around me, mixing with the smoke that rose from the still smoldering piles. The wooden frames of what used to be homes were but einders with the rare few pieces of blackened lumber that miraculously still remained upright like long matchsticks.

Stone chimneys had collapsed to no more than a quarter of their height. Even buildings that had been made of stone were reduced to large heaps of rubble, not just within their own footprint, but spilled out into the streets.

As I looked, trying to imagine how things had appeared before the war, I drifted down to land on a section of street. My boots came to rest on an uneven patch of road and I had to readjust my weight to compensate. Instead of the hard dry surface I would have expected, my boot slid slightly to the side on the slick stone nearly causing me to lose my balance. Before I could turn my eyes downward, the stench filled my nose and caused me to gag sharply. Bodies in various states of decomposition were strewn about the streets, their flesh putrefying in the humid summer air. Uncountable maggots squirmed beneath tendons and through torn muscles. Pieces of flesh sagged onto the cobblestones, breaking down into puddles of gelatinous liquids of differing consistencies.

And that was the first time I threw up.

I then found myself afloat in the air once more looking down over another area of this formerly bustling city. Here the empty streets were in terrible disarray, the cobblestones uprooted by some sort of great force. My senses were assaulted by the powerful odor of humanoid waste, liquid, solid, and in-between. Open sewers lay before me, their contents flowing freely between the stones to settle in the lowest lying areas available to them. A light breeze mixed the refuse odor with the sulfuric smell of low tide and rotting sea life from the dirtied shores and splintered piers.

The runoff of this fetid water also collected in deep basins where even sections of previous structural foundations had somehow been displaced. Here I saw some wretched refugees bathing themselves with rags and using what looked to be sand gathered from the beach as a scrub to clean the dirt from their filthy skin. It was a losing battle as the reeking water only compounded with the heavy scent of sweat.

I tried to suppress my tears and turned my head away from this only to be faced with a group of starving people eating scraps of moldy bread and soft rotted fruit. Two of their number, a man and a woman, were sharing a large rat on a spit that they had cooked over some of the embers. Another woman was using a shard of rusted metal she had fashioned into a makeshift knife to carve off a piece of leg from a man's body that laid motionless on the ground. Horrified,

I looked back to the group of people who were eating the bread only to see that they were unfazed by where their next course was about to come from. They began to drink from the brackish runoff to wash down their meager meal.

That was the second time I threw up.

After I composed myself and opened my eyes, I was hovering inside the largest enclosed tent I had ever seen. Pallets of straw with blankets laid across the top were lined up in a semi-organized orientation. All of the makeshift beds were filled with people of various races moaning in misery while runners brought bandages and bedpans where needed.

Children screamed for their parents, either missing or among the dead. Fistfights broke out sporadically over any slight but there were not enough people to intervene. More people were trying to come in but there were no open pallets. Some settled for the ground, glad to be off the streets, but floor space was scarce. One man strangled another just for his bed and then rolled the body off the side. Even here, predators preyed on those seeking refuge, blatantly and openly rummaging through the pockets and minimal belongings by the bedsides or even being so brazen as to steal the last valuables these people had right off of their fingers, necks, wrists, or belt pouches. So many were incapable of defending themselves in a place they should have been safe.

People wearing sashes of red and blue or red and gold were doing all they could to tend to the sick and wounded. Clerics, wearing the symbols of their Gods / Goddesses, were trying to use their magic to heal what they were able. Others were applying herbal poultices and raw honey to treat severe burns while some just sat by the bedsides to offer comforting words. In spite of their best efforts, disease and death still ran rampant. Bodies were dragged outside to waiting carts to slow the spread of illness. Thick dark yellow pus seeped from lesions. They were being cleaned out with less than optimal tools such as spoons before bandages were applied. Wounds were being stitched together with more speed than accuracy in an attempt to stabilize as many as possible. Withered gangrenous limbs were being amputated while people were still awake.

At this point my stomach was feeling queasy again; the pain and the turmoil were too much. I snapped awake in a cold sweat, my face wet with tears. I could not stop myself from shaking. This was the state of Larigmoore.

These are the people of our kingdom; our families, friends, acquaintances, neighbors are in desperate need of aid. Emperor Orastes' support is vital to the restoration of Larigmoore and his resources dwarf what little we can provide. But EVERY bit of help will be needed. Even a pile of wood can be formed into lumber for a house. Ore and ingots of metal can be crafted into pots, pans, farming tools, even pipes for a latrine. I implore you, if you have read this far, to do whatever you can to help.

Thank you,

~ Onyx TigerEye



Student and Disciple of Arrawig

and root them seemed to take hold. No arcane or divine energies seemed to affect them.

A second pair appeared shortly thereafter. More attempts to assuage them with words and even an offering of food that was given to one. To no avail. It still lashed out at them even causing the bravest among them to cower with fear or double over with pain. Again, another pitched battle, and again, only the shamanic energies seemed to affect them. The danger of these husks cannot be emphasized more: do not attempt to face them alone. If you encounter one or more, flee for the nearest guard outpost or populated area and warn the people there of their presence.

- Algernon Corvis

Strange Spirits In the Night II

The nights have become more and more dangerous of late. The "Husks" as they have been called, have begun to multiply and become more violent. Recently, at least four have been sighted in the New Calendale region of the Whispering Woods. Reportedly, these spirits have already killed several people and even eaten their remains. These spiritual entities seem to be becoming more numerous and hostile. Most recently they seem to be traveling in pairs when attacking - rather, hunting. It is advised that any who travel the roads by night not travel alone and be more wary of any you encounter on the road.

The attacks in the town proper were sudden and violent, at least at first. After they were initially encountered by the town, three of the Shamans in the town were called to see if any more information could be gleaned from them like before. Rus leebadger approached one of the two and attempted to speak to it, as he had the first time. After a few tense moments and whispered questions, the Spirit merely turned to the shaman and struck him with a bolt of lightning. All the while they attempted to speak to the two spirits, they also had to work to protect each other and the town. Ultimately, they had to strike down both of the husks. A curious thing: Despite all of the energies being cast about, only the invocations from the Shamans to call down fire and lightning and to bind

Storm in the North Continues Growing

Far North of the Kotal forest, in the Great Northern Wastes, a large storm has been raging for several moons now. Any that venture too close to it are simply blown back by incredibly high winds and the debris that rides on them. The immensity of this storm is something that must be truly seen to be believed.

The Northern Tribesmen have been seen to have been giving the storm a very wide berth, and those few that were willing to speak to us spoke only of the anger of the spirits. Whatever the case may be, it has not deterred many gypsies traveling through, who boldly (or foolishly) have set up camp uncomfortably close to the stormy area.

- Tysinni Ysang



Fight to Honor Our New Alliance

Fighters across the New Calendare area have gathered far and wide for a display of skills. A Tournament to honor the newly-formed alliance between the Twin Kingdoms, under the leadership of King Leopold, and Solinarian Empire, under Emperor Lucius Junius Orestes. The tournament is designed as a show of good will among its participants, each choosing to fight and represent either the Twin Kingdom or Solinarian Empire.

Praise Mhizrak!

A sibling feud took center stage of the first round as sword brethren, Raphael Espina de La Rosa showed off his past cycle of training in the name of the Twin Kingdoms. He squared off against Valeria Trio, a Mhizrakian honored to stand place and fight for the Solinarian Empire. A storm of swords clashing on shields filled the main hall of the Seroll & Dragon Tavern this past Spirits Day as the two who once trained together found themselves pitted against one another. After a long battle gradually wearing each other down, Valeria emerged victorious.

Rhalarinth, half-ore seeking to follow Leonardar, took his mighty hammer to blows for the Empire against Crimson, a barbarian newly traveled from the Northern lands, fighting for the Twin Kingdom. While Crimson wielded a mighty great sword that others may have found difficult to merely hold, Rhalarinth's brought his hammer down too quickly. Rhalarinth emerged victorious.

A dark-cut figure of Aden, wielding a two-handed great sword, challenged Twin Kingdoms judge and guard Jigen. His bright display of red and blue made the contrast as his chosen weapon a staff. It was a battle of power and control over distance, as Aden was first to make contact and close the gap, swiftly bringing an end to Jigen's run in the tourney. Aden emerged victorious.

Spectators had to pay close attention when CriCri, of the Cirque du Elantrai, took to the arena against Codieir Stone. The Kelonian dashed about with impressive speed, attempting to strike repeatedly with dual-wielded daggers. Stone held command of the center ring, fending away attacks and pressing CriCri to the outside, eventually landing blows against her fury. Stone emerged victorious.

The thrill was apparent as two of New Calendare's swift footed-faced off: Ulv, lined up with weapon in one hand and a potion vial in the other against Rizhak, a transplant from Al Hazir was prepared. His fists of fury beat down Ulv before the vial ever popped open. Rizhak was victorious.

Onyx TigerEye, a jack of all trades, showed her hand at fighting florentine against Farooq, a Kelonian monk skilled with his claws. A tactical battle ensued, where each tried their best, striking hard and fast for the others limbs. Manuever after manuever, the two seemed equally matched till Farooq's final blow landed home. Farooq emerged victorious.

All until Diglon, a great two-handed weapon wielder, took the last of the first round matches against Agnate, a Mhizrakian fighter. Diglon called for the space of the open fields, while Agnate demanded the closed in space of the tavern arena. A coin decided their fates: inside the battle would be fought. Hampered for space to swing a great sword, Diglon struck repeatedly but Agnate took the upper hand in this battle. Agnate emerged victorious.

Due to the odd number of combatants, Emperor Orestes announced a mass melee on Sunday morning for a chance at the second round. The opportunity drew some of previous eliminated with the addition of one new face: Xandis and Rehan, who had previously participated in the magic part of this tourney. Xandis quickly went into a Circle of Protection, only to be informed by the Emperor

that he had two minutes to leave it, or be eliminated. A determined coalition of Diglon, Onyx TigerEye, Raphael, and Ulv bore against him to take him down. In the end, only one of the four comrades could take the title, and it belonged to Raphael.

The second round matches were more calculated, more planning and forethought. Aden's two-handed fighting had the distance on Rhalarinth, who utilized Divine Scrolls to

gain the upper hand and win. Rhalarinth advanced to the finals.

Codieir Stone stood to fight a second swift, dual wielding opponent paired against Rizhak. The two harried each

The tournament is designed as a show of good will among its participants, each choosing to fight and represent either the Twin Kingdom or Solinarian Empire.

other back and forth across the field with great speed. Rizhak fought hard but was eventually downed. Stone will advance to the finals.

Raphaël took his second chance to fight hard against Agnaté. Despite a strong showing, the extra battle and its weariness took a toll against the brutal blows swung by the Mhizrakian. Agnaté will advance into the finals.

Lastly, Valeria took to the field to fight - Praise Mhizrak -

against Farooq. Her shield was swift and was pressed hard under the claws of Farooq, but his monk talents proved too much. Farooq will advance into the finals.

The champion remains to be seen, but one thing can be assured: in the ferocity of these fights and good sportsmanship shown thus far, all aimed to honor the new alliance of two great nations. Praise be to the alliance and upon all those that participated.

- Beatrice Jain

Onyx's Observations

• A Royal Reading •



This past Moon, I had the honor of doing a Tarot reading for King Leopold and Emperor Orestes. I have never done a reading for two people at the same time before so I was nervous to say the least. I actually did not want to do it but with a little (or maybe not so little) pressure from a few friends, and a vote by the table including our esteemed leaders at its head, I found myself retrieving the cards from my bag.

I shuffled the cards and handed them to the King. He made the first cut and the Emperor made the second cut. They

reassembled the deck and I fanned out the cards within arm's reach. King Leopold drew the first card and Emperor Orestes drew the second. They continued until eight were drawn and then they chose the last card together. The Spread was laid out and I turned the cards face up. Only once have I ever had my cards speak so clearly and accurately to me. The reading quickly became the most memorable and favorite one I have given thus far.

Here are the cards of the Royal Reading and a quick basic summary of their meanings.

The first three cards together frame the foundation, the past circumstances that the reading speaks of.

1. The Sun (Drawn by King Leopold)

- Representing light, life, and energy, and the harnessing of that power.

2. The Emperor (Drawn by Emperor Orestes)

- A protective ruling force. Power, respect, wisdom, authority, and the ability to govern wisely.

3. Priestess (Drawn by King Leopold)

- Intuitive awareness representing hidden knowledge that needs to see the light of day. Wisdom, serenity, knowledge, and understanding.

The next three cards are represent what is currently going on or will very soon be coming into play.

4. Seven of Wands (Drawn by Emperor Orestes)

- Standing firm with courage and determination.

5. Faith (Drawn by King Leopold)

- Mercy, goodness, kindness, alliance. The search for truth. The ability to go your own road if you believe it's right, despite opposition.

6. Queen of Coins (Drawn by Emperor Orestes)

- A hard working philanthropist who is concerned for the welfare of others.

These cards show the influences that are affecting current events. They can be a guide, a warning, confirmation, or even something else. It is determined by the rest of the spread.

7. Two of Wands (Drawn by King Leopold)

- Choices and decisions. Deciding where power is best used.

8. Page of Swords (Drawn by Emperor Orestes)

- Gaining and using knowledge with discretion in a rational way.

The last card is the culmination of the reading and where the path will lead if the querents continue on their current course of action.

9. Two of Cups (Chosen by both)

- A union, unity, partnership, relationship. Whether a new one is forming and/or an old one strengthened, it will be based on harmony.

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Reflections & Observations

The first three cards spoke true of what had recently passed. Emperor Orestes, while young and thrust into his position of power earlier than intended, had the wisdom to govern wisely. Blessed by the Sun's energy, he had the drive to seek the truth and uncover the knowledge of those responsible for the murder of his father. The cards also reflect the actions King Leopold took to protect his people as he fought side by side with them on the battlefield, earning the respect of his people. When Emperor Orestes gave his explanation of what had happened in Solinaria, King Leopold trusted his intuition that Orestes might be genuine; he did not attack the Emperor. Instead he listened to what the Emperor had to say and went into negotiations, eventually accepting his apology.


The next three cards were also accurate in their assessment of current events. To get through the aftermath of what this war has wrought will take a lot of determination and at times a firm hand may be necessary. It will take courage for The Two Rulers to look upon the people who have been devastated. But they genuinely care for their people. They have good hearts, full of kindness, and only wish for their kingdoms to thrive. I have no doubt that The Two Rulers will work hard in order to fulfill this common goal. The people have placed their faith in them and they will not be disappointed.

The Influence cards tell that The Two Rulers have many options open to them. So many of their people have been affected by the war that resources are distributed everywhere. It is up to The Two Rulers to pay attention and analyze what information is brought to them so that they may wisely decide where to best focus next in order to bring prosperity back to the people.

The Result card could not have been more perfect. While the Twin Kingdoms and Solinaria have had an alliance in the past, it is also a new beginning for the two countries. Both old bonds and new bonds are coming together in unity and harmony under The Two Rulers to create a new partnership beneficial for both sides.

May King Leopold of the Twin Kingdoms and Emperor Orzestes of Solinaria have long reigns of prosperity and peace with one another. May the new-found friendship of The Two Rulers grow into a legend that bards will sing of for generations to come.

May Arrawizl bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawizl

Reconstruction Efforts Continue

The construction effort continues after the destruction of Larigmoore. The Emperor of Solinaria has seemed to make good on his promises of reparations so far. Ships filled with skilled workers and materials needed for construction have been seen entering and leaving Larigmoore's ports all hours of the days and nights. The Emperor has even lent some of his troops to assist in patrolling the roads, to prevent any opportunistic vultures from carrying out any banditry and looting of those either traveling around or within the city. It is truly heartwarming to see Red and Blue working together alongside Red and Gold to build a better tomorrow.

On a much more somber note, The Deathwatch (those within the church of Negoro who have devoted their studies to both knowing and performing the last rites of all cultures) have flocked to the arza to aid in ensuring that the souls of those departed make their way into the next world.

Unfortunately, the sheer amount of death and pain here has also led to some instances of Drevarria's "Gifts" spreading their way through the populace, or in more upsetting cases, shambling along the dark alleys and streets in the night. The Church of Jeredith has taken a special interest in destroying the latter.

- Vorzel Valken

The Risks of Reckless Casting

Before we get into this, I am warning you in advance that I am getting on my soapbox. With that out of the way, let us talk about magic and the casting of it. There are several types of casters in our world; Mages, Clerics, and Bards

are common in any civilized kingdom. But there is a fourth type, the Shaman of the Tribes, whose powers are derived from the Great Spirit and its subordinate spirits. The Shaman curry favor with these spirits in order to weave their magic. Like with any culture, there are rules and taboos. For theirs, one of their biggest taboos is the one against arcane and divine magics. Why this taboo exists is a long and complicated story better left to the Shaman and the Tribesmen themselves to tell. The whole point of explaining this is that casting magics of the arcane or divine natures on them is a surefire way to anger them. So to be safe, DO NOT CAST ON THEM. It is really a simple thing in the grand scheme of things.

Furthermore, one of the laws of the Twin Kingdoms states "a common person within the Twin Kingdoms may not cast any magic, sorcery, or divine prayer upon another person without their consent. Infractions of this sort will be dealt with on a case-by-case basis." That means that you should not cast on a person without their direct permission. Healing someone who is bleeding out is one thing, but any further casting on a person will result in problems. For those of the Tribes using clerical prayer on them, even if they're bleeding

out is still taboo, though healing potions and first aid are fine. It does not matter if what you are casting is beneficial - those of the Tribes will not accept it and will either attack you or bring you up on charges as is their right as citizens of the Twin Kingdoms.

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On the 19th of the Harvest Moon, there were several incidents that made writing this article necessary. A Cleric of Attalia, there to officiate the Tournaments, was leaving the Scroll and Dragon after he cast an area of effect spell on the people within the tavern. When he was approached by the Shaman about the fact he used divine magic on them, his response was dismissive towards them and made to leave. Ultimately this incident was brought before the Judges of

New Calandale and has since been resolved.

While this is only one of the several incidents that occurred, it serves as an example of what I have been talking about in this article. While the prayer the cleric used was that of healing, he did not ask permission to cast upon others; furthermore, he ignored the legitimate complaints of this kingdom's citizens when he broke the law and did not care. Whatever your opinion on those of the Tribes and their Shaman, as long as you are within the borders of the Twin Kingdoms, you must obey the law. To do otherwise is to make yourself a criminal. If you don't mind if Mages, Clerics, Bards and Shaman cast their magics upon you in a beneficial manner then that is your right, but please respect that others have the right to refuse those same magics.

- Brandan Lachlan

In Memory of Weis

Weis came to New Calandale in 1108 and we became friends rather quickly. One afternoon while on a nature walk, he said to me, "I want to do what you do. Will you teach me?"



It was not just a student/teacher relationship that started that day, but it was the beginning of a strong friendship. He was my first student who took what I taught him and excelled at it, making me proud. He followed in my footsteps as a Rogue, then Monk, and finally as a Cleric, choosing to place his faith in the God of Eternity, Negoro.

One night a group of us went on a mission to dispose of a ngeromancer that had been terrorizing the town. Weis and I went ahead of the others to try the quiet approach, lest we alert the ngeromancer and be besieged by the powerful undead he had guarding him. We glided silently across the field to our mark, succeeding in reaching him without incident. Weis had learned his lessons well. I knew he would be perfect for the group I was putting together.

Weis became one of the Founding Five of Shadow's Edge, a cadre of skilled adventurers who offer their services to those seeking help with various tasks, and part of the branch of Shadow's Edge which deals with missions that require more of a quiet touch. His input was highly valued; I made sure to seek his opinion on any decisions that I was having difficulty with.

Weis was best known as a town guardsman for the Twin Kingdoms who was later appointed the position of Bailiff. He was a fair man, not one to jump to conclusions without hearing all of the evidence that was available. This gave him the means to perform his job well. He was not afraid to question the things he thought were wrong in an attempt to make them right.

We often had long conversations and Weis never hesitated to lend me an ear when I needed it. As an Arrawigian, we spend a great deal of our time counseling others, but sometimes we need someone to listen to us as well. Weis was there when I needed to talk and could always give me some reason to smile, even when I found myself in the darkest of times. He always had a hug for me or a kiss to the top of my head to reassure me that things would be alright and he would be there by my side. He was a soft-spoken man of simple words with a great heart. When he did speak, it was never maliciously; it was with the intent of wanting to help in some way. He was a rare person, a true friend, someone I loved very much and trusted with my life.

The funeral, presided over by Judge Corporal Gabranth, Cleric of Negoro, will be held on Spiritsday, 17th of the Spirit Moon at the graveyard by the Forge in New Calandale Town Proper. All are welcome to attend.

~ Onyx TigerEye

Student and Disciple of Arrawig

Ruminations of an Al'Haziran Scholar

• Recollection of an Old and Dear Friend •

On this day, I find myself looking back on all the lives we have lost in the war – our families, our Queen, an emperor, and countless others. Their passing has left us with broken hearts and naught but our fondest memories to hold onto as we shed tears where blood was once spilt. Some may have the privilege of providing their loved ones a proper burial – others sadly lack the means or remains to do so. May Xalaron bear you all clouds filled with Attalia's compassionate tears, for surely she weeps at the sight of your toils.

For the good people of our little town of New Calendale, there exists one man whom I am certain both god and mortal shall remember in their heart of hearts, as I do hold in mine. His name was Weis. He was known by many of this town, both new and old, for deeds and stories too numerous to recount or recall by one alone. All will recount, however, the man's tremendous heart; he was always ready and willing to help someone, be it with a kind word, a friendly ear, or a strong sword arm. Though I knew him barely and briefly, I share with you my memories of him with great fondness and misty eyes.

When I first came to this town, I was nervous, shy, and scared of many things. Worried that I had nothing of worth to contribute to the community, I was lucky to have stammered out my desire for citizenship to the nobility without my legs caving beneath me. After I arose a member of this town, I was approached by a man in a bandana, black gloves, and a town guard tabard. Surely a man of his stature had little else to do with me other than tell me to speak more clearly to the Baron. Much to my surprise, he told me that I spoke with great eloquence, and that should the nobility have had issue with my lack of use, that he was willing to vouch for me.

Here stood a man who barely even knew me, let alone my past, and was willing to put his own reputation on the altar because he believed that I had potential and deserved a place to call home. I had not experienced such kindness or trust since the days of my father when he served in the military, may gods bless and keep him. Somehow this man reminded me of him, with his strong but gentle demeanor. I took his words as a sign that I was meant to be here, and so began my life as a citizen of New Calendale.

After the last of the Mhizrak tournament, I recall going with him on patrol as he began teaching me how to move silently and blend in with my surroundings. His skill was as such that I quickly lost track of him, finding myself lost and alone in what was still a foreign land. The last I recall before the details grew hazy was being chased by a beast, its low growling and snarling close at my heels. When I came to, I was surrounded by a number of our townsfolk, along with a beautiful woman. Weis seemed to waltz out of thin air when I regained my composure, asking me why I didn't call for help. I simply told him that I did not want to give away his position and risk his safety. That night he taught me that it was okay to ask for help, and to trust in the strength of the people here.



My last major memory of him was no more than a cycle ago, the night before the exodus and the Battle of the Last King. Weis had recently returned from either a trip or patrol, and due to a small series of miscommunications, he got

angry and stormed off into the woods. I was told to let him be for now, even though I wanted to go look for him with shaking legs. The next day, we apologized to each other in earnest. The many attacks of the soldiers left us all a bundle of nerves, and it was likely the stress made things more difficult than they should have. Weis asked me if I was going to stay and fight; I told him that I was called away to patrol the outer frontier, followed by a rendezvous at Blackmoore Ridge. I wished him all the best in battle, and hoped that our paths would cross again as soon as the town was retaken.

Indeed did we retake the town the next moon; however, Weis was not to be found among the townsfolk that gathered. For three moons did I brave the paths and woods beyond, looking for some sign of him. I heard that he fought bravely, and that his courage was an inspiration to the remaining warriors that fought beside him as the waves of soldiers fell like a black cloud over the tavern grounds. Each day I searched, I thought to myself, "he fought against impossible odds and emerged victorious; how could such a man be gone at a time like this?" Much as there were celebrations back at the bar, I could not help but fret in the corners of my mind as to his safety. (A little known fact before I return to this narrative: Weis did work at the bar for a time; he was known for his manners and professionalism. He would always joke that he should be nominated for Top Tender of 1115, something that would always garner a smile from the workers on shift.)

It has only been this past moon that we all heard definitively that Weis' soul had passed beyond this realm for the last time. Though there was much celebration in light of the war's end, if one listened closely the sound of Weis' pet frog could be heard echoing in the forest, along with whispered words of comfort among those who knew him best.

It has been announced that his funeral is to be held after court this Spiritsday. I am certain that the entire town will be found gathered around as his headstone will be added to the many others who have touched our lives here in New Calendale. Negoro holds in his hand one of our greatest and finest; though life may seem less vibrant in his absence, may the memories we share and the stories we tell give testament to the undying legacy Weis has left in our hearts and spirits.

To those new to town who are reading this, I encourage you to ask anyone in this tavern about who Weis was – you will not be disappointed as they smile through choked back tears in their telling. To those who knew this wonderful soul, I humbly beseech that you, in what comfort you can muster, indulge any who ask of this man's story, that his memory endure in the enriching of the listener's life through tales of his deeds. As for me, I will always remember the man who was kind and patient enough to help this meek scholar find a place among my chosen family in my home beyond the sands.

Yours most sincerely,
~ Rizhak Alim Al'Gar

Champion of Adraveth Advances to the Next Round!

Xandis, The Champion of Adraveth (as he's being called) had one hell of a showing today in the initial round of the Tournament of the Two Rulers! He was able to knock aside his opponent in his first and second matches held at the Wandering Stag Inn and Bar. Word has it that he declined to participate in the tournament at first, but later had a change of heart. The gods only know what we're going to see happen in the next round!

- Haadren Thistle

Who do those ships belong to?

Since the Solinarian Blockade was lifted, some ships flying the colors of black and red have been seen off of the western coast of the Twin Kingdoms. They have not been frequenting any port towns, and it is unknown if they've made landfall at all. The question begs, who do these ships belong to? Do they mean us harm? One rumor has it that they are pirate ships, angry that the war is over along with their sanctioned piracy. Only time will tell what these ships mean. One thing is for sure, however, we've been through far too much for any further violence so soon.

- Falvitor Hailc

Aid for Larigmoore

Larigmoore, the great port city of the Twin Kingdoms, has now rendered a desolate husk due to the recent war brought about by a former Senator Antonius. His greed and lust for power and wealth lead to the destruction of Larigmoore and the loss of many lives, not just on the Twin Kingdoms side but also of the Solinarian Empire, including the late Emperor.

Many of you know this and are probably asking why I am bringing this up. The reason is simple; in these troubled times it becomes necessary for those who are able to give of themselves to the less fortunate, whether it be wealth or resources. While restitution for Larigmoore is part of the new peace with Solinaria, that does not mean we should do nothing. Per Count Fontaine's announcements during court on the 19th of the Harvest Moon, there will soon be avenues forming to collect donations. One already known avenue is by selling goods to Moriarty's, who will see to it that they go to where they are needed most.

Now is the time to open the coin purse and storerooms and give what you can to those less fortunate than you. You do not have to give everything you have, but even a little bit can have a big effect. Now that the Twin Kingdoms has entered this time of recovery, we need to do everything we can to help in the healing process. So please, loyal citizens and foreigners who reside here, give what you can.

- Brandan Lachlan



Enigmas of the Moon

Solutions for the Harvest Moon - Theme: Peace Between Twin Kingdoms and Solinaria

Scrambles

- 1) lldKopngizo (2 words, 4 / 7 letters)
• **King Leopold**
- 2) agmrhltAf (1 word, 9 letters)
• **Aftermath**
- 3) hdsenakatf (1 word, 9 letters)
• **Handshake**
- 4) gengerfmg (1 word, 9 letters)
• **Agreement**
- 5) udagiRlFmesntizi (2 words, 8 / 8 letters)
• **Reunited Families**
- 6) rsigopmCmo (1 word, 10 letters)
• **Compromise**
- 7) zoipasarnfR (1 word, 11 letters)
• **Reparations**
- 8) eTeru (1 word, 5 letters)
• **Truce**
- 9) lnileflea (1 word, 8 letters)
• **Alliance**
- 10) NnennigiBewsg (2 words, 3 / 10 letters)
• **New Beginnings**

Anagrams

- 11) A birch novel. O _ _ _ _ B _ _ _ _
(2 words, 5 / 6 letters)
• **Olive Branch**
- 12) Echoing mom. C _ _ _ _ H _ _ _
(2 words, 6 / 4 letters)
• **Coming Home**
- 13) See more reports. E _ _ _ _ _ O _ _ _ _ _
(2 words, 7 / 7 letters)
• **Emperor Orzeszes**
- 14) Age, pet erat. P _ _ _ _ T _ _ _ _
(2 words, 5 / 6 letters)
• **Peace Treaty**
- 15) Implications are told.
D _ _ _ _ _ _ _ R _ _ _ _ _
(2 words, 10 / 9 letters)
• **Diplomatic Relations**

Winner for the Harvest Moon is Jischa with a total of 7 / 15 correct answers!

Jischa receives 1.4 Silver.

1.6 silver for the unsolved answers has been added to the pot. The pot currently contains 4.6 silver.

The leftover money from partial prize winners is added to the pot every Moon.

If all Enigmas are answered correctly, you will win it all!



Enigmas of the Moon

Theme: The Tournament of The Two Rulers

Scrambles

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------------|
| 1) ntUgi | (1 words, 5 letters) |
| 2) zeaPe | (1 words, 5 letters) |
| 3) flazzeBMelzt | (2 words, 5 / 6 letters) |
| 4) nrooH | (1 word, 5 letters) |
| 5) elnazNil | (1 words, 8 letters) |
| 6) yrteVoi | (1 word, 7 letters) |
| 7) iamilsPzenrri | (1 word, 13 letters) |
| 8) eDlu | (1 word, 4 letters) |
| 9) ztafeD | (1 word, 6 letters) |
| 10) elFArrlFzo | (3 words, 4 / 3 / 3 letters) |

Example:

adgezrGra	(1 word)
aDlonrorgAdenIs	(3 words, 6 / 3 / 6 letters)

Answer:	Gravzyard
Answer:	Scroll And Dragon

Anagrams

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 11) Big metal cat. | M _ _ _ _ B _ _ _ _
(2 words, 5 / 6 letters) |
| 12) Iron alias. | S _ _ _ _ _ _ _
(1 word, 9 letters) |
| 13) The trees song. | T _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
(1 word, 12 letters) |
| 14) Ponder time. | R _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
(1 word, 10 letters) |
| 15) Rain unfold. | F _ _ _ _ R _ _ _ _
(2 words, 5 / 5 letters) |

Note: These are **NOT** clues. They are merely silly phrases to unscramble that have no relation to the solutions. Think of them as harder Scrambles. They **DO** relate to the **Theme** of the Moon.

Example:

Sad sober game.	M _ _ _ _ _ B _ _ _ _ (2 words, 7 / 5 letters)
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Answer:	Message Board
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16) Choose any 5 numbers from 1 - 20 and list them in any order you wish.

• • • Base prize of up to 3 Silver for the winner • • •

Submit your answers on a separate piece of parchment. Don't spoil the fun!

Please send us your guesses for this Moon with your name on a piece of paper one of two ways:

1. Hand deliver personally to Onyx TigerEye (Senior Editor of the New Calendalze Chronicle)
2. Send by courier to "New Calendalze Chronicle"